

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY AT
SALEM, COLUMBIANA CO., OHIO.
JAMES BARNABY, Jr., General Agent.
BENJAMIN S. JONES, Editors.
J. ELIZABETH JONES, Editors.

PUBLISHING COMMITTEE:—Samuel Brooke,
James Barnaby, Jr., David L. Galbreath,
Lot Holmes.

Printed for the Publishing Committee by
G. N. HAPGOOD.

Testimony against Slavery.

The following Testimony against slavery is from the (so-called) Wilberforce Society of Friends in New England, issued by the representatives of their late Yearly Meeting. It is an opportune publication, and we commend it to the Friends of all parties, in this State.

We have felt it a duty incumbent upon us, at this time, to revive our religious testimony against the iniquitous system of slavery. The present peculiar and startling condition of our country, in its relation to this fearfully important subject, has awakened in our minds feelings of deep solicitude; and we desire to give forth a faithful and honest expression of our concern and travail therein, with no other than a fervent hope that we may be found laboring, according to our ability, for the promotion of that peace on earth, and good will to men, which characterizes the gospel of our blessed Redeemer.

The considerations growing out of this momentous subject are such as overwhelm us with sorrow, and fill us with the liveliest apprehensions for our country's welfare. The enormous wrong of slavery not only still continues in this highly professing land; but, notwithstanding the many noble examples and testimonies against it, and the indefatigable labor of christians and philanthropists many years for its abolition, it is still multiplying its victims, and even now is seeking by violence and blood, to enlarge its borders. The desolating scourge of war, with its host of revolting crimes and horrors, has been carried by this nation, into the heart of a neighboring Republic, with the undisguised purpose of despoiling it of a large portion of its territory, and, as seems evident from the circumstances by which it is marked, with a view to re-establish slavery where it has already been abolished by less enlightened people. The slave-trade, the abhorrence of all good men, is carried on in the midst of our country. From the border slave States to the far South and South-west, the vessels of the slave-trader regularly ply, laden with youthful victims reared like cattle for the market. All the tender ties of kindred and home are unfeelingly sundered, and they are bound, and tasked, and tortured, under the oppressor's lash, in a distant clime—and this with the sanction and under the protection of the laws.

Such is the sorrowful spectacle which this professedly christian land now exhibits before the world. How great a reproach to the Christian name, and how widely opposite, in all its features, to the Christian character! Instead of love to our neighbor, we are of endeavoring to raise the colored man up from his degradation and woe, the foot is ruthlessly planted upon his neck, preventing even his own efforts for improvement. Throughout the whole land, whether bond or free, he is subjected to an inveterate prejudice against his color and his race, which lies as an incubus upon him scarcely less cruel than slavery itself. Shall there be no end to oppression like this? How long shall the crushed bondman in vain appeal to a professedly christian people for relief? How long shall he be ranked with the brute that perisheth by his brother man? Shall this devout country continue always forging chains for the bondman's limbs, and putting shackles on his mind? Will not the Lord in righteousness visit for these things?—will he not be avenged on such a nation as this? Oh that we may lay these things to heart, and be wise before the judgments of the Most High come heavily upon us!

But how shall this deep-rooted evil be overcome? What power is potent enough to withstand its encroachments, and to turn back its overwhelming tide?

The Christian's panoply alone is sufficient for these things. By the prevalence of Christianity in its purity, by the power of the gospel which shall soften the hard hearts and overcome the stern resolves of wicked men, this monstrous evil must be met, if at all, and turned back in its course. The weapons of the Christian's warfare are not carnal, but spiritual and mighty through God to the pulling down of the strongholds of sin and Satan. In proportion as the pure and undefiled religion of Christ prevails, slavery as well as every other crime and species of iniquity will be overcome.

We desire, then, to encourage all those who feel constrained to exert themselves for the overthrow of this system of oppression, and for the bringing in of a better day, that they should labor in the ability that Christ giveth them; remembering that all things, even the hearts of the slave-masters, are in the hands of Him who can accomplish His purposes in a manner marvellous to the sons of men, and who will yet, we verily believe, make bare His arm for the deliverance of the captive, and the opening of the prison-doors that they are bound.

And especially would we call with earnestness upon those who are making profession of the name of Christ, in the different religious denominations in this land, to enter into a serious consideration of their responsibilities and their duty in regard to this evil.

We are constrained to say that far too much apathy to the sufferings and claims of the down-trodden slave, has hitherto prevailed among these bodies; many, most of them are still implicated in the oppressor's guilt by participating, either directly or indirectly in his deeds. Some seem to have been restrained from the performance of their duty herein, by the apprehension that the agitation of this question would mar that harmony so desirable among brethren of the same religious faith. But it must be remembered, that, if slavery is seen to be repugnant to the spirit and precepts of Christianity, no society which tolerates it can justly claim to be called the church of Christ; for that church is declared to be "without spot or wrinkle, or any such thing." That is but a mere outward harmony, worse than valueless, false and delusive in its character, which is gained by the sacrifice of principle. But it has been

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

"NO UNION WITH SLAVERY-HOLDERS."

VOL. 3.—NO. 5.

SALEM, OHIO, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1847.

WHOLE NO. 109.

with a hopeful spirit that we have latterly seen indications of a growing zeal in the cause of the slave, among some professing Christians. We desire to encourage these in well-doing, and to this end may be excused for alluding to the example of our own religious society, which, for the greater part of a century, has borne a practical testimony against this great system of wickedness and cruelty.

Drawn into the practice of slave-keeping at a time when it was not viewed as wrong by the generality of Christians, the Society of Friends early discerned its iniquity, and raised its voice against it. The work began with individuals, who were first led to see the great wrong of the system; and, by a faithful adherence to the unerring guide, they were enabled to labor abundantly for the conviction and reclamation of their fellow-members who were concerned in it. The service of those who, from a sense of religious duty, were from time to time, engaged in this great work, consisted often in private individual labor with those of their brethren who held slaves. These were visited at their own houses—were labor with at their own firesides, and, although these visits of love were not always kindly received, and were sometimes very trying and painful, yet He, at whose bidding they went forth, often made a way for them, when there appeared no way; and as they evinced a spirit of meekness and self-denial therein, seeking for themselves no earthly reward, a favorable impression was generally made, even on minds inclined to the system from habit and education, and often blinded by self-interest and prejudice. And in our religious assemblies, these faithful laborers failed not in the same spirit of meekness and wisdom, to urge upon their fellow-members the abandonment of a system so fraught with woe, until at length it was made a disownable offence, and the Society was cleared of all participation in it. So successfully had the labors been conducted, that, comparatively, but few actual disownments took place. Nearly all who had been concerned in slavery gave freedom to their slaves, and even, in many cases, made them remunerative for their past services.

This sketch is given with no view to arrogate anything to ourselves above others; it is the labor of a past and honored generation, under the direction, as we reverently believe, of the divine teaching: and for ourselves we only desire to be enabled to follow them as they followed Christ. But we are brought to the serious and very important inquiry, whether, if all the different religious denominations in our land would take the same ground which they took, and faithfully maintain it, the system of slavery, with its host of concomitant vices and crimes, could withstand their united efforts. We verily believe it could not. How great, then, almost beyond expression, would be the influence upon them, that they should no longer turn a deaf ear to the sighing of the bondman; but remembering his deep distress and degradation as themselves bound with him, that they should use their great influence for his disenthralment, and the amelioration and improvement of his condition! May they be encouraged to enter into this labor, and to persevere faithfully therein; knowing that their reward shall be sure from Him who has said, "Inasmuch as ye have ministered unto these the least of my brethren, ye have ministered unto me." "If ye know these things," said our blessed Savior, "ye know ye if ye do them." No mere profession of religion, no acknowledgment of the doctrines of the gospel, nor yet the practice of a round of religious observances, will avail anything, so long as there is an unwillingness to do the divine will, and the fruits of righteousness be wanting; "For He hath shewed thee, O man! what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" Far better is it to be in fellowship with those who, though few in number, are walking by this rule, than with those who can boast of numbers, wealth and influence; for the cry of oppression is in their hands; for the cry of the oppressed reaches the ear of him who beholds with an equal eye all the children of men, and who will be avenged on the oppressor, however high may be his pretensions to religion.

In feeding ourselves constrained to revive and give forth this our earnest testimony and remonstrance against slavery, we are far from a disposition to do the slaveholder any wrong, but, on the contrary it is with the sincerest desire to promote both his temporal and eternal welfare, which we conceive to be most intimately dependent upon his relinquishment of so unrighteous a system. Oh, that the conviction might strike deep into his heart, that he is "verily guilty concerning his brother," and, under a sense of duty and long-deferred justice, that he might be induced to give freedom to the injured bondman—to "loose the bands of wickedness, undo the heavy burdens, break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free!" If this should happily be done in a spirit of true and unfeigned repentance towards God, then might we not hope that the now impending judgments of the Most High over this land might even yet be turned away.

Signed by direction and on behalf of the Meeting for Sufferings of New England Yearly Meeting of Friends, held at New Bedford on the thirty-first of Third month, 1847.

GEORGE F. READ,
Clerk.

"Here be TRUTHS."—The N. O. National, in an article treating of the consequences of this war with Mexico, says:

"The expenses of the Mexican war are consuming every cent of revenue that can be got into the Treasury. All internal or national improvements are suspended. No appropriations can be made, because it will interfere with the money wanted for the previous war. The arts of peace are all naught—nothing has any value but engines of death, powder, bomb shells, and Major Generals. Even the national debts, so much needed by

Government, are to be suspended, to husband the resources of the Treasury to carry on the cause of the slave, among some professing Christians. We desire to encourage these in well-doing, and to this end may be excused for alluding to the example of our own religious society, which, for the greater part of a century, has borne a practical testimony against this great system of wickedness and cruelty.

Illustrations of Slavery.

The extracts below are from the narrative of Work, Thompson, and Burr, who were confined in the Missouri Penitentiary, on a charge of aiding in the escape of slaves. The following is a description of their arrest:

I was bound, and marched barefoot, over hubs, roots and stones. Host after host came with all speed to meet us, and "the earth rang again" with their fiendish yells. It seemed almost as if the infernal regions had been uncapped, and had vomited forth their legions to hail our approach—as if some long-dreaded monster had been captured. But! how sweet it was to feel that they could not go beyond what my Father should kindly and wisely permit. This kept me in peace.

After they had eaten supper, they marched us some miles through the wood to another house. They made the slaves lead by a rope, and sing "corn-songs." Those who have lived in a slave State will know what is meant. It seemed as if the very forests themselves were moved at the bursts of such unearthly sounds—and if there were any wild beasts in the region, they must have fled for their lives to their caverns, or dens, or more distant forests. When we came to this house, we were marched round it time and again; and when we halted in front of the plaza, the old grandfather and mother, and children—old and young—male and female, came out in their night dresses to gaze upon the wonderful monsters. The old grandfather, little vent just on the verge of the grave, gave a little vent to his boiling soul in the exclamation—"Ah! you gallows-looking devils!"

After their curiosity was somewhat gratified, we laid us down upon a feather-bed, on the floor—all tied together—and slept sweetly till morning. We awoke refreshed and strengthened to endure the reproaches and sufferings which were before us, with patience, fortitude, and I trust submission.

That morning a man came in to see us, who asked many questions, and made threats of shooting us on the spot. He was a professor of religion—seemed very much excited, and had hard struggles to keep from drawing his pistols on us, but "the good hand of our God upon us," saved us from his burning fire.

At the breakfast table, we asked a blessing on our food, while the landlady and others stood by. She seemed almost horrified at such wretches as we would pray! for she looked upon us as monsters of iniquity. The poor woman seemed to have some idea of the numerical strength of the abolitionists—for, said she, "They are as thick down there in the bottoms, as maggots in a dead horse, watching for slaves." And so terrified was she at the thought, that she had not been able to sleep soundly for two weeks!—Poor woman! Who can help pitying one who is obliged to live in such constant fear.

After breakfast, a crowd gathered round, who questioned us in many things, and gave vent to their raging bosoms, in sneers and reproaches. We were then tied together, and led by the slaves (to mortify us) five miles, to Palmyra. The city was moved at our approach, many saying, "who are these? well, you've made a fine haul," &c. In the court house we had a mock trial before a magistrate, and were "thrust into prison," to await the sitting of the court, two and a half months from that time. After they had left us, we knelt down and committed ourselves to God, imploring his guidance and protection, feeling that he had wise purposes to accomplish by this unintelligible dispensation.

Referring to the lying assertion, that the slaves are contented and happy, Mr. Thompson says:—

"The slaves are contented and happy, and could not be hired to run away!" So say the slaveholders to abolitionists. But what is their testimony in a crowded court house, when trying to condemn these abolitionists? The State's Attorney compared slaves to sheep, and liberty to salt. Said he, "They would as readily follow a man who held out liberty before them, as sheep would follow a man who gave them salt. And who does not know the readiness of sheep to follow salt, and the strength of their appetite for it?"

Thomas Anderson, a lawyer and slaveholder, testified, "It is only necessary to give them any hope of liberty, and they are ready to escape. They love liberty more than sheep love salt," &c. Glover testified to their love of liberty, and how they often show this love by the fleetness of their feet. Wright, a lawyer and slaveholder, contended that they were men—were rational and immortal beings—that the love of liberty was, by the Deity, implanted in their hearts, and would necessarily withdraw Mr. Douglass from the lecturing field where he is so much needed, his friends abroad have cheerfully acquiesced in his decision. It is now proposed that the entire proceeds of the fund, amounting to £500, (about \$2,000) be remitted to Mr. Douglass, to be safely invested for his benefit, under trustees of his own choosing. If, at any future time, he should consider it advisable to establish a newspaper of his own, the capital, so invested, shall be available for that purpose. In the meantime it is proposed that he shall devote a portion of his time to writing for one or more Anti-Slavery newspapers, conducted by colored editors. In the event of his death, the fund is to be devoted to the support of his wife and children, or their survivors.

Why are we sentenced twelve years to the penitentiary? Because the slaves love liberty. Why so many advertisements and rewards in the papers—so much effort and pains to find the slaves? If they do not love liberty, surely they will come back. Why

are holding cities filled with patrols at night? Ah, the slave loves liberty, and they know it. Don't love liberty! What a libel on human reason and common sense. Their own laws, conduct, spirit, laws, condemn them, and proclaim to the world that the slaves do love liberty.

From the Liberator.

The event, of which we expressed our confidence in the last Liberator, is announced to us Cambria, as having taken place, attended with the most triumphant and gratifying circumstances. The borough of the Town Hamlets, for which Mr. Thompson officiates himself, is one of the largest constituted by men of liberal politics. It is described by the London Patriot, as the "stronghold of popular independence and Non-Conformity." The political and religious affinities of Mr. Thompson will be easily discerned by men of liberal politics.

Many of these poor creatures are disabled for life, through the treatment of their cruel masters and pursuers, when trying to escape to Canada. Some want an eye, others an ear, some a hand, leg, arm: some have broken noses, others their teeth knocked out; several have rifle balls and buck-shot lodged in different parts of their bodies. One man when trying to escape was fired at fifteen times, and but one ball took effect. It lodged in his leg and remains there to this moment. Some were branded with red-hot irons, and others whipped almost to death.—Mr. Henson, the preacher, had his arms broken by his inhuman master. It was done with a rail. Settlers had, at first, to endure great privations, without food, raiment, money, or friends. They went to work like men, and now have good farms, and good houses, pigs, poultry, and cows. They are generally contented, industrious and honest. The white people speak of them in the most commendable terms. Some of them state that when they first came into the settlement they had nothing but an axe, a hoe, and a spade. They had to cut down a tree, hollow it out in the middle, lay down in it in the dead of the winter, and sleep there all night, with a log of wood laid crossways for a pillow, and this without even a blanket or quilt to cover them. They had to live on field beans, and a few potatoes which their neighbors sent to them without milk, butter, bread, meat, or even a grain of salt; and yet they never murmured as they were now their own masters, and were not afraid of the lash, the rifle, or the blood-hound. The women also handle the axe in clearing the land, just as well as the men. An aged man and his wife who escaped here through Mr. Torrey, stated that on their way, Mr. Torrey and themselves, for two days lived on grass in the woods and asked God's blessing on it as it saved them from starvation. When this noble martyr's name was mentioned they burst forth into a flood of tears. Though dead he

A difficulty still exists with the settlers.—Many of them have not paid, as yet, their first instalment, and are likely to lose their lands, which are of the very best quality, and on which they have made great improvements. When a selection of one hundred acres is made, fifty dollars must be paid, to secure the title. If a house is put up, then the improvement is equal to the instalment, and the land company is easy. But when fifteen or twenty acres are cleared in addition, there is danger that the settler will lose his improvements. This is what the white man wants. He will offer one hundred and fifty dollars for the land and the improvements—a temptation to the land company which is not often resisted. The poor colored man is avenged themselves by voting against him.

The political opinions announced by Mr. Thompson were certainly radical enough, and for the Abolition of every Monopoly, national and local; for universal suffrage, vote by ballot and short Parliaments; for the abolition of capital punishments and of flogging in the army; and against all endowments and religious establishments! This election was carried without any of the unscrupulous means often used at elections. Not a single paid agent was employed. "Not the least remarkable circumstance attending this contest," says the London Post, "is the fact that Mr. Thompson, who is a tailor, refused to have his Committee-rooms in public houses, and the publicans, with a few exceptions, avenged themselves by voting against him."

It is curious to see the Boston papers, the Daily Advertiser among the rest, copying the account of Mr. Thompson's brilliant victory, without a word of comment to indicate that the man whose character twelve years ago they blackened, and whose course they denounced, until his life would have been taken in the streets of Boston, had he not privately escaped, is the same whom this large and liberal metropolitan constituency has delighted to honor! If it be true, as Horace says, that a change of climate has no effect on a man's character, it certainly has a great one on his reputation.

We shall try and copy the Election proceedings at the Tower Hamlets soon, though they have no particular bearing on the A. S. cause. But any thing relating to the career of one so identified with the movement, as Mr. Thompson, must needs be interesting to those who know him only by report, as well as to his troops of friends. They will also be curious to those unacquainted with the mode of conducting Elections in England, as a specimen of new variety of life.—q.

The Douglass Testimonial.

We learn from the (London) People's Journal of July 24th, the disposition which is to be made of the fund raised in Great Britain, as a testimonial to Frederick Douglass. It will be remembered that this fund was to be devoted to the purchase of a printing press, but Mr. Douglass, having decided, in accordance with the advice of his friends in this country, not to attempt to establish a newspaper, as there are already four journals now in existence in different States, under the exclusive editorial charge of colored men, and as the plan was one of doubtful success, and would necessarily withdraw Mr. Douglass from the lecturing field where he is so much needed, his friends abroad have cheerfully acquiesced in his decision. It is now proposed that the entire proceeds of the fund, amounting to £500, (about \$2,000) be remitted to Mr. Douglass, to be safely invested for his benefit, under trustees of his own choosing. His conscience is further quieted by the fact that in so doing he will secure the entire confidence of the people, and remove jealousies that have been a bar to his usefulness. He calculates to set an example of such treatment of servants as the Bible requires. But once a slaveholder, he finds that any more lenient treatment of his slaves than others give, will render them worthless. Nothing but fear will influence people to work without reward. Hence there must be a severity of treatment that will induce fear. Such treatment cuts off all the compassion the minister formerly felt for the poor slave, and gradually he imbibes the same feelings—the same mode of thinking and reasoning as other slaveholders, and finally differs from them in nothing material.

Now is not this substantially the history of hundreds of Northern ministers and laymen who have settled in the South? The same course may be pursued another century, and slavery remain unchanged.—*One* *Ob*,

07 All remittances to be made, and all letters relating to the pecuniary affairs of the paper, to be addressed (post paid) to the General Agent. Communications intended for insertion to be addressed to the Editors.

07 Terms:—\$1.50 per annum, or \$1.75 (inevitably required) if not paid within six months of the time of subscribing.

07 No subscription received for less than six months.

ADVERTISEMENTS making less than a square inserted three times for 75 cents:—one square \$1.

07 A correspondent of the Cincinnati Herald, thus comments upon Dr. Bailey's stupendous plan for Mexican Annexation:

WONDER OF WONDERS!—THE NATIONAL ERA OUT FOR THE PROSECUTION OF THE WAR!

DAYTON, Aug. 29d, 1847.

FRIEND MATTHEWS:—I have just read in the *National Era* of the 19th inst., the long letter entitled, "United States and Mexican Plan of Pacification and Continental Union," in which I find several things to me appearing exceptional, and one sentiment so utterly abhorrent to my views of what is right and honest, that I feel impelled to voice so in giving utterance to my disapprobation.

Dr. Bailey's plan of settling our difficulties with Mexico is to annex to our country the several Mexican States, "of course with their own free will and consent," and he obviates at length the objections thereto, and enlarges eloquently upon the advantages of the scheme. Then in the winding up comes the sentiment

COMMUNICATIONS.

Extract from a letter of a friend.

PHILADELPHIA, August, 26, 1847.

DEAR FRIENDS:

“*My weekly remonstrances fail not to call to mind my obligations to you and to the cause. Yet when I have thought of writing, it seemed to me that all that was interesting to you or to your readers, you received through the papers much more satisfactorily than it was in my power to detail them to you. The event of the last week, however, you may not find in your exchanges. It has been no other than the passage of HENRY CLAY through our city, and his sojourn at Cape May, our far-famed sea bathing place. You very naturally ask, what there is in this circumstance to interest Abolitionists? What is there in the private movements of a slaveholder worthy of note, especially if unattended by any of his victims; and I have not heard that any of these, though ‘sleek and fat,’ have been displayed to the admiring gaze of the multitude.*

He comes among us a private citizen, yet every step has been marked by an oration—that showing what it is that the people delight to honor—for this much credit we must give them, that their manifestations of devotion have been the true outpouring of their souls—the unbought homage of their hearts. Neither place nor profit are now in his gift, nor can it be supposed they ever will be. As ‘he has the genius to be loved,’ let us have the justice to accord this much to him. Sorry as I am to acknowledge it—sorry that for the hearts of the people it is a true exponent (would they were better)—it must be confessed that few persons have ever been the object of more enthusiastic attachment than this man. I speak of the manifestations of those who do not know him personally. What the feelings of his near neighbors, his plantation slaves may be, I cannot say—for those who imagine him to be the realization of their highest ideal—and this is to me the and part of the affair—that the multitude perceived not how greatly deficient in justice, mercy, and truth this idol, they have set up and to which they delight to render their homage.

The work before us is to lay bare to the eyes of this nation the true character of their great men; their hard-heartedness, their cruelty, their exceeding great corruption—for my faith is, that it is the leaders of the people that cause them to err. Men wish to be good—they wish to do right—but they discern not the wickedness beneath the polished exterior, the bland smile, the courteous shake of the hand. The homage of our hearts is not given to the devil, as a devil; it is only rendered when he assumes the livery of Hengst—smearing to our eyes as an angel.

This has been the week of your Annual Meeting, and you have been comforted and strengthened by the occasion. Personally you have been interested in watching the effects produced by the presence of Garrison and Douglass. Your previous acquaintance with them has left you at leisure to watch the manifestations of the feelings they have excited; these doubts have been various, yet I cannot be mistaken in supposing that warm greetings and heart-felt welcomes have been extended to them, by the faithful Abolitionists among you; and in this case we have the satisfaction of feeling, that it is to no spurious greatness, no hollow mockery, that the hearts of these people have yielded their admiration and their love.

Soon, too, you will have amongst you our Lucretia Mott, who is worthy of all commendation.

[REPORTED FOR THE BUGLE.]

Remarks of Joseph A. Dugdale, in Ohio Yearly Meeting of Friends, when objections were offered against the reading of his certificate from Green Plain Monthly Meeting.

If I may be allowed the privilege granted to Paul before Felix, I will speak for myself. First, I am accused of having been disowned from the Society of Friends. I will meet the question by presenting an interrogation to this assembly. Did you not, in common with the body of Friends, during the difficulties of '27 and '28, declare that no meeting in the Society could be laid down without its consent? Have you not on all occasions refused to submit to the judgment of your opponents touching this matter? Is it not true, that in the noted Showell case in New Jersey, testimony was produced to show that London Yearly Meeting attempted to dissolve one of its branches—the meeting protested against the measure and the Yearly Meeting finally yielded until the consent of said meeting was obtained? I will state distinctly at the outset that, after Ohio Yearly Meeting listens to the statement I shall make, should it then be its judgment to continue its correspondence with the Yearly Meeting of Indiana, and reject the communications from Green Plain, I will withdraw from its councils. If it be true, as cannot be controverted, that in the days of your own peril we assumed the proposition as I have stated, is it not as true now as then?

The question is emphatically Anti-Slavery. We are denounced, and the hand of proscription is upon us on account of our interest in the reformatory movements of the age. It is asserted that we have violated the Discipline of the church in signing a disownment against a member of another Yearly Meeting;

*The individual in question, as we believed, culminated the Anti-Slavery movement.—We felt ourselves identified with this movement and proceeded to correct the *false impressions* being made on the public by assuming our true attitude. For this, Indiana Yearly Meeting appointed a committee to visit Green Plain Quarterly Meeting, and labor for “its help and encouragement.” When the committee produced the minute of appointment, it was found to be essentially changed. At the Yearly Meeting, where report was made, one of the committee stated that he never could have gone upon that errand with such a minute—“It has been mutilated,” hence an earnest discussion ensued. The revising committee were appealed to, who admitted they had agreed to add “in the truth” to the concluding sentence “help and encouragement.” Friends queried where did the *balance* come from? It was not until the matter was closely pressed, that the clerk said in substance, “he believed it to be his duty to do it.” Yes, after the Yearly Meeting had closed its deliberations and settled upon the phrasing of its minute in the premises, the clerk felt it to be his duty to add the phrase usually incorporated in a Monthly Meeting minute, where members of society have committed some flagrant breach of the *moral law*. The words added were, “and endeavor to convince them of their error;” these, with the words “in the truth” made eleven in number.*

When this fraud was fairly detected, a large number urged that it be erased and the minute left as it was first framed, but those who assumed to bear rule decreed otherwise, and all the subsequent action against us was based upon this fraudulent record. At the session, when the report was produced upon which final action was had, some members of the committee protested against it, and others refused to sign it. A delegation was named to inform women’s meeting, while those in the negative were claiming to be heard in opposition to the measure, and although called upon to wait until full expression could be had, they persisted in going, and did so. The clerk entered the decree upon the journal as though all had been done in good faith and unity. Not a member from Blue River Quarterly Meeting, I believe, united with the measure; there being but four quarters it remained for White Water and Miami to consummate the deed. Did they do it? No, they were divided in sentiment upon the question.

The next measure of high-handed tyranny was in the appointment of a committee to draft Epistles to other Yearly Meetings.—

Every Friend named on that occasion known to be active in the Anti-Slavery cause was rejected, not by open opposition, but by the clerk refusing to record their names. This outrage was not perpetrated upon Green Plain

Green Plain alone was suffering. White Water Monthly Meeting, which was composed of two Preparatives, one had laid the other down, and proceeded to disown its members for not being in unity with the body. This same meeting had also excommunicated Frederic Hoover, a man of unblemished reputation, who I believe had been an elder thirty years. Several others had shared a similar fate. Miami Monthly Meeting had thrust out Zephaniah Johnson because of his liberal sentiments. Centre Monthly Meeting by the aid of the locomotive committee, had disowned Abraham Allen, the Yearly Meeting committee man, who detected and exposed the fraudulent minute before referred to. The larger sentiment expressed was against the excommunication, yet the deed was done by the committee incorporating itself with the meeting, and claiming to be a part of it. This same meeting has disowned Thomas Whinery and others.

Camden Monthly Meeting is also laid down, part of its members disowned, and others have united themselves with the Orthodox Anti-Slavery Friends. White Water Quarterly Meeting of ministers and elders entered a complaint against Maurice Place upon their minute for attending a meeting of the disaffected part of society at Green Plain while passing through our vicinity upon secular business. They finally became ashamed of it, and dismissed the case. Recently they have renewed their hostilities against him under the more plausible charge of having lost his gift as a minister and have recently ejected him from the select establishment. I learn they have also been treating with dear aged Jessie Bond, a precious minister of the gospel whose sentiments are decidedly liberal; although I do not know that he ever attended an abolition meeting, yet he has borne a faithful testimony against the intolerant measures of these persecutors and although his locks are whitened in the service of truth, he is a marked man. Since the decision in our case, Thomas Lawrence, a valuable member of Blue River Quarterly, offered a resignation to the Society, on account as he stated, of his disparity with the ruling powers in Indiana Yearly Meeting. He was himself a committee man to visit the subordinate branches, but had never been united in membership with an Anti-Slavery Association. The Friends who visited him at his wish, had so little fellowship with the Yearly Meeting that they were unwilling to grant his request. When in our vicinity he attended our Monthly Meeting and spoke approvingly of our movements.

The same spirit is doing its work in other places. Friends of Michigan are now proscribed by a ruling clique in Genesee, Yearly Meeting, on account of their conscientious opposition to the meeting of ministers and elders. I have learned by letter

branches of the Society. I remember Israel French, who was once the clerk of your own body, was of the number. The Discipline of Indiana requires that when ministers, through unfaithfulness or otherwise, shall lose their usefulness, or otherwise, shall be from Indiana Yearly Meeting. Is it so? If that body can thrust out of the union one Quarter without its consent, it may another; then there will remain but two. Would it still be Indiana Yearly Meeting of Friends? Have we no right to be heard?

There will be introduced to this meeting a certificate from Hannah P. Wilson, a minister from Hayti monthly meeting, at Green Plain, which withdrew from us, set itself up and reported to Miami Quarter. Friends will have to meet this question, and I again repeat, that if you are prepared to receive the epistle from Indiana and the certificates of its ministers and to reject ours, I will withdraw from your councils, and I think my friend James Frame, who is with me, will do the same. I will take this opportunity to declare my attachment to religious society, to religious organization based upon a liberal and enlightened arrangement adapted to the age in which we live.

While prosecuting a religious visit to Friends within the several Yearly Meetings I was often urged to publish these facts, or write them out and allow them to do it, but I have foreborne, hoping that justice might yet be done.

This is emphatically a struggle of truth with error. It is spiritual despotism in high places. Friends, admit the course of Indiana Yearly Meeting to be right, and your own liberties are in danger. It must be met and arrested or our own religious society will be ruined, as the blighting, withering institution of American Slavery is fast undermining the republic.

*A FOOL AT THE FALLS.—On Wednesday, a little excitement was created at the Cabinet House, Niagara Falls, in which a young Southerner acted the rascal. On entering the dining room he was about seating himself at the breakfast table, with his ladies, in chairs reserved for others. The waiter very politely informed him that such was the fact, and offered him another place, when the Southerner drew his knife with the intention of stabbing the waiter! After a few minutes of disturbance, the young blood paid his bill, and notwithstanding the rain was pouring down in torrents, left with his ladies for another house.—*Rochester Democrat.**

*The CRIME OF HUMANITY.—John Robinson, mate, and Cato Richens, seaman, of the schooner Augusta, have been sentenced in Norfolk, Virginia, to seven years in the penitentiary, for consiving at the attempt of two slaves to attain their liberty by secreting themselves in that vessel. This was not done in Algiers, but in the Old Dominion.—*Chronotype.**

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

SALEM, SEPTEMBER 10, 1847.

“I love agitation when there is cause for the alarm bell which startles the inhabitants of a city, saves them from being burned in their beds.”—Edmund Burke.

Persons having business connected with the paper, will please call on James Barnaby, corner of Main and Chestnut sts.

Anti-Savery Meetings.

S. S. FOSTER & LEANDER HATCH will attend Anti-Slavery Meetings, at

Brunswick, Medina co., commencing on Tuesday evening, the 14th of Sept., and continuing throughout the 15th.

Grafton, Lorain co., on Thursday, the 16th, at 10 A. M.

Liverpool, Medina co., on Friday, the 17th, at 10 A. M.

Columbia, Lorain co., on Saturday and Sunday, 18th and 19th, commencing at 2 P. M. on the 18th, and 10 A. M. on the 19th.

OMSTEAD FALLS, Cuyahoga co., Monday and Tuesday, 20th and 21st, commencing at 2 P. M. on the first day and 10 A. M. on the second.

Birmingham, Thursday, the 23rd, at 2 P. M.

JAMES W. WALKER & J. A. PRESTON will attend meetings at

West Brookfield, Stark co., on Sunday, the 26th, at 10 A. M.

Fulton, Stark co., on Monday, the 27th, at 10 A. M.

Congress Township, Wayne co., on Tuesday and Wednesday, 28th and 29th, at 2 P. M., on the first day, and 10 A. M. on the second.

Hornsville, (Lodi) Medina co., on Thursday and Friday, 30th Sept., and 1st October, at 2 P. M.

Sullivan, Ashland co., on Saturday and Sunday, 2nd and 3rd Oct., at 2 P. M. and 10 A. M.

S. S. FOSTER, L. O. HATCH, J. W. WALKER, and J. A. PRESTON will attend the following Anti-Slavery Conventions:

Fitchville, Huron co., October 5th & 6th.

Savannah, Ashland co., “ 7th & 8th.

Ashland, “ 9th & 10th.

All these meetings will commence at 10 A. M.

J. W. WALKER, S. S. FOSTER and others, will attend an Anti-Slavery meeting at Hudson, Summit co., on the 12th & 13th, at 2 P. M. and 10 A. M.

JOHN D. BOWLES in lecture at Unity, Col. co., on Monday evening, the 13th inst.

Clarkson, Wednesday evening, the 15th.

SAM'L. BROOKE,

Gen. Agent.

Convention in Salem.

The meeting here exceeded our expectations: “The big tent” was well filled, and the audience as quiet and attentive as so large an audience could well be. Our friends Garrison and Douglass, though somewhat fatigued with their incessant labor for the past month, were in good health and spirits. We have heard it said that this was the largest anti-slavery gathering ever convened in the county, nor do we suppose that the Whigs or Democrats of Columbiana can point to any of their assemblies which were equal to it in point of numbers. Town’s people and country people, those near by and those from afar, gathered in crowds to the eminence upon which the tent stood. The previous discussions in the Friends’ Yearly Meeting held at this place, had aided in preparing the way for an interesting convention. Anti-Slavery feeling had been aroused, and the sympathies, of at least a portion of the people, had been awakened.

There will be introduced to this meeting a certificate from Hannah P. Wilson, a minister from Hayti monthly meeting, at Green Plain, which withdrew from us, set itself up and reported to Miami Quarter. Friends

will have to meet this question, and I again repeat, that if you are prepared to receive the epistle from Indiana and the certificates of its ministers and to reject ours, I will withdraw from your councils, and I think my friend James Frame, who is with me, will do the same. I will take this opportunity to declare my attachment to religious society, to religious organization based upon a liberal and enlightened arrangement adapted to the age in which we live.

While prosecuting a religious visit to Friends within the several Yearly Meetings I was often urged to publish these facts, or write them out and allow them to do it, but I have foreborne, hoping that justice might yet be done.

This is emphatically a struggle of truth with error. It is spiritual despotism in high places. Friends, admit the course of Indiana Yearly Meeting to be right, and your own liberties are in danger. It must be met and arrested or our own religious society will be ruined, as the blighting, withering institution of American Slavery is fast undermining the republic.

probably preach. In this however, they were mistaken, for instead of going to the place of sectarian worship, she was in “the big tent,” preaching practical righteousness. The exercises of the meeting were interspersed with singing, which added greatly to its interest. As there were quite a number of Friends in attendance, she alluded to the well known prejudice of the members of that Society against this mode of enforcing truth, and among other things, we understood her to say in substance, that it was customary to have singing in Friends’ meetings, though of a different kind; and she queried whether those who had been attending the Yearly Meeting within the past week, had not done as much to encourage singing there, as the abolitionists were doing in their convention.

On Sunday afternoon, after some remarks had been made upon the Constitution, Ambler whose previous conduct our readers are generally acquainted with—asked if he would be permitted to speak. Objections were made to his being considered as included in the general invitation, because of the course he had pursued at other meetings of the kind.—He appeared willing to drop the matter when he ascertained that his speaking would be contrary to the wishes of those who got up the meeting—and as afterwards appeared by a vote, of a majority of the audience also—for while no one of them, we presume, would be willing to deny his right to speak if he felt it his duty so to do, they were unwilling to invite him to the platform, or to listen to him except under protest, for reasons which he well knew. This, we think, is the right position, and we are glad it was taken. The spirit of free discussion does not require that we shall invite those to participate in our meetings whose conduct has been such as to make us unwilling to meet them in discussion. If such insist upon speaking, and persist in intruding themselves uninvited upon the platform, we know of no other course than submission on our part. There is all the difference in the world between *inviting* a person to occupy the platform, and submitting to the infliction of a speech from him when he comes there *uninvited*. The projectors of the meeting, as well as the audience itself, refused to do the first, and we are glad that Ambler did not insist on the other.

The weather was favorable most of the time the Convention was in session, but several heavy rains satisfied the audience that neither the tent nor their own clothing were water-proof. There was created, for the time being, some confusion in the meeting, but far less than we anticipated from their occurrence.

On Sunday afternoon, after some remarks had been made upon the Constitution, Ambler whose previous conduct our readers are generally acquainted with—asked if he would be permitted to speak. Objections were made to his being considered as included in the general invitation, because of the course he had pursued at other meetings of the kind.—He appeared willing to drop the matter when he ascertained that his speaking would be contrary to the wishes of those who got up the meeting—and as afterwards appeared by a vote, of a majority of the audience also—for while no one of them, we presume, would be willing to deny his right to speak if he felt it his duty so to do, they were unwilling to invite him to the platform, or to listen to him except under protest, for reasons which he well knew. This, we think, is the right position, and we are glad it was taken. The spirit of free discussion does not require that we shall invite those to participate in our meetings whose conduct has been such as to make us unwilling to meet them in discussion. If such insist upon speaking, and persist in intruding themselves uninvited upon the platform, we know of no other course than submission on our part. There is all the difference in the world between *inviting* a person to occupy the platform, and submitting to the infliction of a speech from him when he comes there *uninvited*. The projectors of the meeting, as well as the audience itself, refused to do the first, and we are glad that Ambler did not insist on the other.

The Carlisle Slave Case.

A correspondent of the N. Y. Tribune, writes:

“A deep interest is felt in this community in relation to the forthcoming trial of the persons alleged to have participated in the riot on the 2d of June last, growing out of the arrest, in this borough of three fugitive slaves, claimed to be the property of James H. Kennedy, Esq., and Gen. Hollingsworth, of Hagerstown, Md. The fact of so distinguished a gentleman as Prof. McClintock of Dickinson College, being connected with the matter, gives additional interest to the investigation about to take place. This morning, (Aug. 25th,) at nine o’clock, the County Court again met, and at a few minutes past the Grand Jury returned true bills against Prof. McClintock and 33 others (colored persons) for being concerned in the riot of June last. The said Jury also made a presentment against Rev. J. V. E. Thorne, a well-known clergyman and resident of Carlisle, and four other individuals—negroes; but as no bill has been found against these persons, of course they will not be put on their trial at the present term of Court.

A Jury was then sworn in, after which J. Ellis Bonham, Esq., the Prosecuting Attorney, proceeded to state the facts of the case which would be proved in evidence. The bill of indictment contained three counts—the first of which charged simply riot and breach of peace. The second—riotously assembling with the purpose of producing a breach of the peace, and for the additional purpose of rescuing slaves then peaceably and lawfully in the possession of their owners. The third—assault and battery.”

Subsequent accounts state that all had been acquitted except twelve of the colored men, who had not then received the sentence which was to be pronounced upon them for daring to protect their brother against a Southern pirate, who robs men not of their property merely, but of their bodies and their souls. Had not been for the accused Union which our fathers formed, Carlisle would never have been disgraced by the presence of slave-catchers, or a Pennsylvania Jury compelled to render so infamous a verdict.

The citizens of this country execrate the conduct of the Russian Autocrat, who finds it necessary to banish to Siberia the master-spirits of the Polish People, in order to preserve the Union between their country and

POETRY.

THE FREE.

BY ELIZA COOK.

The wild streams leap with headlong sweep,
In their curbless course o'er the mountain steep;
All fresh and strong they foam along,
Waking the rocks with their cataract song.
My eye bears a glaunce like a beam on a lance,
While I watch the waters dash and dance;
I burn with glee for I love to see
The path of any thing that's free.

The sky-lark springs with dew on his wings,
And up in the arch of heaven he sings,
Trill-la—trill-la; oh, sweeter far
Than the notes that come through a golden bar.

The joyous bay of a hound at play,
The caw of a rook on his homeward way—
Oh! these shall be the music for me,
For I love the voices of the free.

The deer starts by his antlers high,
Proudly tossing his head to the sky;
The bair runs the plain unbroke by the rein;
With streaming nostrils and flying mane;
The clouds are stirred by the eaglet bird,
As the flap of his swooping vision is heard.
Oh! these shall be the creatures for me,
For my soul was form'd to love the free.

The mariner brave with his bark on the wave,
May laugh at the walls round a kingly slave;
And one whose lot is the desert spot
Has no dread of an envious foe in his cot.
The thrill and state at the palace gate
Are what my spirit has learned to hate.
Oh! the hills shall be a home for me,
For I'd leave a throne for the hut of the free.

From the Christian Observer.
Little Children.

BY MARIA ROSEAU.

Speak gently to the little child,
So guileless and so free,
Who, with a trustful, loving heart,
Puts confidence in thee.
Speak not the cold and careless thoughts
Which time has taught thee well,
Nor breathe one word whose bitter tone
Distrust might seem to tell.

On his brow there rests a cloud,
However light it be,
Speak loving words and let him feel
He has a friend in thee:
And do not send him from thy side
Till of his flesh shall rest
The joyous look and sunny smile
That mark a happy breast.

Oh! teach him, this should be his aim,
To cheer the aching heart,
To strive where thickest darkness reigns
Some radiance to impart,
To spread a peaceful quiet calm
Where dwells the noise of strife,
Thus doing good and blessing all
To spend the whole of life.

To love with pure affection deep,
All creatures great and small,
And still a stronger love to bear
For Him, who made them all.
Remember, 'tis no common task
That thus to thee is given,
To rear a spirit fit to be
The habitation of Heaven.

Gentle Words.

BY C. D. STUART.

A young rose in the Summer time
Is beautiful to me,
And glorious the many stars
That glimmer on the sea;
But Gentle Words and loving hearts,
And hands to clasp my own,
Are better than the brightest flowers
Of stars that ever shone!

The Sun may warm the Grass to life
The Dew the drooping Flower;
And eyes grow bright that watch the light
Of Autumn's opening hour—
But words that breathe of tenderness,
And smiles we know are true,
Are warmer than the Summer time,
And brighter than the Dew.

It is not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art,
And Gold or Gems are not the things
To satisfy the Heart;
But oh, for those who cluster 'round
The altar and the hearth,
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is Earth!

*Be not weary in Well Doing.

BY J. CLEMENT.

O! weary not, O! weary not
In labor well begun;
The day is short, and waning fast,
They work will soon be done.

O! weary not, O! weary not
Until the sun declines;
There's honor gained from noble toil,
And God the work assigns.

O! weary not, O! weary not,
Though hard be thine employ;
Each sweat-drop forms within the heart
A fountain of holy joy.

O! weary not, O! weary not,
For when thy task is o'er,
A home is thine of endless bliss,
Where toil is known no more.

Knickerbocker for September.

There's not a heart, however rude,
But bath some little flower,
To brighten up its solitude,
And scent the evening hour.

There's not a heart, however cast,
By grief and sorrow, down,
But bath some memory of the past,
To love and call its own.

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Pioneer and Herald of Freedom.

The Distilled Man.

The papers give an account of a most horrible accident which befel a man in one of the New York distilleries—that of a Mr. Wilson in Brooklyn. The trap door to the covering of a vat was left open, and an unfortunate workman fell through into the boiling incales, and before he could be drawn out the flesh was boiled into fragments, leaving scarcely anything but a skeleton of the wretched man. What a death, and how one shudders to think of that blind plunge into the scalding mass, the solitary shrick, and then of the white bones tossing up and projecting from the disengaging flesh.

A question comes up here, what will dealers do with the broth of the workman?—Will it go to quench the thirst of his companions? Will they sell it for poor tapers to gaze down, as the customers of the Albany Brewery pour down eats and dogs, and pauper's coffins draining in their delicacies?—*finding meat and drink at once.*

Think of it, poor victims of your appetites. When you take up another glass, look sharply for the blood stain, and shreds of sodden flesh in the draught. One of your fellows is there some where, melted like a stick of candle in your hot liquor. See if you can find him now.

Do you think that your suppliers would throw away the whole for such a trifle as a man's falling into it? Why the wicked ruin, rum, or whatever it is called, is itself more deadly and revolting to a healthy stomach, than that thin broth of a man cooked alive.

He sells the first to you, and sure he will not scruple to furnish the with the latter. Why should he? The flashing bell-soup has always in it the tears of widows, the hearts of wives, and the whole life being of the deluded drunkard—in a figure, very apparent. Why not literally boil up a workman now and then "to make the cruel gulf and slab,"—or why refuse to furnish liquor when accident furnishes the ingredients.

Beides, no one will know which cask or score of casks has the precious mixture.—The whole will be put into market together, and there's not a man with his three pint jug or old junk bottle of rum,—or whatever the liquor was,—but may be carrying off a quarter's worth of human soup to regale himself with. He'll not know, any more than the distilled man that once worked on the liquor and now works in it, which bottle shall contain a taste of him. If this does not add to the fiery draught, and make it "prime" indeed, we know of nothing but the omnivorous Albany ale that suit the blunted appetites of these poor fellows, whose manhood is being burned out by their indigence.

Yet loathsome as the draught may be, and awful as the death of that miserable man must have been, they can add no harm to the cup that kills, and the death produced by it, of the poor drunkard. Better, we should say, be plunged at once in the fiery vat that smothers life out in an instant, than to be burned up by a slow fire, and have the flesh roasted from the skin little by little—going off livid and bloated, till the last vital force is scorched out, and a death of many years has at last accomplished its work. The end is the same, the way only differing in basic, for both are plunged into the ruin they thought not of, both are boiled to death by the hot liquid—only the one may have been unimpaired in his mortal nature—though his trade was one which leaves little chance for that, while the other has his spirit withered into dust, and his heart shrivelled to a tinder, drop by drop, in the hell of his ruin and crime.—Yet in the end their fates are not unlike, for both may be bottled and sold for the consumption of new victims—not an improbable destiny—and so keep the veins of the great incarnate devils of drunkenness supplied, and their blood in circulation.

The downward world has its horrible harmony in gross caricature of the upward, and this despoilment of the rum victims is in proof of it. Rivers run to the sea, and mists go up from the sea; clouds feed the springs, and the springs supply the rivers. This is the harmonious revolution of nature—is earth's vital circulation. In a like manner drunkenness reels into the vat to make the rum that made itself—or lies and drains from potter's fields into the green pool that makes the beer that slays it, and the vat pours out new streams to re-supply itself with topers.

The truth is, there is nothing too awful or too loathsome to be found in the traffic that is carried on between the excesses of appetite and selfishness; and the man who sups on Wilson's boiled workman, is no more truly devouring human blood and flesh, than the wretch who takes all the worth and fame, life's hope and life itself, of the drunkard to satiate on. The rum-sellers tea and coffee and bread are as deeply mingled with the awful compound of man and poison summered together, as a cup from the fatal vat would be. It is all sodden with gore and tears, and should know it, and when he is convinced of it, (but good heavens what can convince him?) he cannot longer deal in the terrible poison. Not all the deaths of all the drunkards that have reeled down to ruin, right before his face, have taught him yet to know that blood is on all his gain. Not all the sighs and wailed out prayers of myriads of wronged wives, have yet been able to fan away the thick veil from his vision, that he may see how drenched with salt grief is the wealth he earns. And we suppose he will not believe, though the sweltering corpse should rise from its running faucet and ask his flesh in every glass he pours.

Push On.

The following extract from the writings of John Neal, may have met the eyes of many of our readers before; but it is worth repeating, and the truth it conveys is worth remembering:

"There are people who have begun life by setting their boat against wind and tides, are always complaining of their bad luck, and always just ready to give up, and for that very reason always helpless and good for nothing, and yet if they would persevere, hard as it may be, to work up stream of life long, they would have their reward at last. Good voyages are made both ways."

"A certain amount of opposition is a great help to man. Kites rise against, not with the wind. Even a hard wind is better than nothing. No man ever worked his voyage any where in the dead calm. The best wind for any thing in the long run, is a side wind. If it blows at, how is he to get back?"

"Let no man wax pale, therefore, because of opposition. Opposition is what he wants, and must have to be good for anything.—Hardship is the native soil of manhood and self-reliance. He who cannot abide the storm without flinching or quailing, strips himself in the sunshine, and lays down by the wayside, to be overlooked and forgotten.

"He who but braces himself up against the struggle, when the winds blow, gives up when they are done, and falls asleep in the stillness that follows."

"Did you ever know anybody to stick to any kind of business, no matter how unpromising, ten years at most, who did not prosper? No matter how bad it might be at the beginning, if he stuck to it earnestly and faithfully, and tried nothing else; no matter how hard he may have found it sometimes, to keep his head above water, still, if he persevered, he always came out bright at the long run—didn't he?"

The Pledge.

"Join us in the pledge, Colonel, surely you will not refuse me," said a beautiful bride, emerging from a bevy of bridesmaids and extending a glass of brimming champagne as she spoke.

The gentleman whom she addressed had studiously refrained, during the evening, from drinking any of the costly wine, prepared for the guests. But finding himself thus the object of general attention—for when the bride spoke every eye was upon him—he colored, stammered a few indistinct words, took the glass and, bowing gracefully, drank long life and happiness to the bride.

"I told you I should succeed," said the young and happy creature, her eyes sparkling with triumph, as she retired into her circle of bridesmaids. She knew Colonel Warren would not refuse her. What a pity he had not scruples to furnish the with the latter. Why should he? The flashing bell-soup has always in it the tears of widows, the hearts of wives, and the whole life being of the deluded drunkard—in a figure, very apparent. Why not literally boil up a workman now and then "to make the cruel gulf and slab,"—or why refuse to furnish liquor when accident furnishes the ingredients.

No one was there to contradict this joyous but thoughtless creature, or to tell her that Colonel Warren's indulgence in wine had nearly proved his ruin. He had been absent from his native city for some years, during which period he had formed a resolution not to drink, in consequence of a conviction of his own weakness. On his return, his old associates in vain persuaded him to alter his determination. On various festive occasions they had endeavored to induce him to join them in pledging each other, but his answer had always been the same. This was the first time, since his return, that wine had been introduced in the presence of ladies.—It was resolved to try whether the influence of the sex would not break a resolution which more than one felt to be a reproach on himself. How the scheme succeeded we have seen.

No pen can adequately describe the emotions of Col. Warren during the instant he hesitated before taking the proffered glass from the bride. He was chivalrous to a fault in his demeanor to the sex, and had never been known to refuse a favor asked by a woman. The bride was the daughter of his early friend, a cherished treasure, whom he had many a time dangled on his knee, and whom he had never done anything to slight or pain. He stood, as we have seen, irresolute for a moment, hesitating between fears for the result and a dislike to disoblige his favorite on this her wedding night. But at length, he had fatally yielded.

Little did the young bride think of the dreadful issue of her tempting words and smile. Little did she dream that the hankering love for wine, which had once reduced her victim to the verge of confirmed inebriety, would awake again at the taste of that glass, and rage with more violence than ever. Young, happy and thoughtless she looked only at the present triumph, without considering the result. How then was she surprised to hear, a few months after her marriage, that Colonel Warren was become an inebriate—that he rarely retired to bed unless in a state of intoxication—and that, in consequence, his fine person was becoming disfigured and his large fortune wasting away. She shuddered, but still did not think of her own agency in the matter, and, when next she met him, with the privilege of youth and beauty, ventured to plead with him on the subject.

"Madam," said he, in reply, and the melancholy and somewhat stern tone, in which he spoke never left her memory, "it is too late!—I was once as I am now—I rallied and took a resolution never to drink again—I broke that resolution, you know how, and when, and now I am a hopeless inebriate. He turned and left her presence. Here eyes were opened. Oh! bitterly did she reproach herself for having spoken those fatal words. For nights she could not sleep. She sought again and again to see her victim, but he avoided her presence. They never met again but once. Reader! would you know how?

Some years after, on a cold, bleak morning in January, a travelling sleigh, drawn by two splendid horses, was dashing along the turnpike between Norristown and Philadelphia. There had been a snow storm during the night, and the flakes lay piled against the fences and banks, where they had been driven by the icy wind which swept down from the hills beyond the Schuylkill. The sky was still overcast; the wind yet raged violently and it was intensely cold. Few scenes could be more desolate. Houses, huts, trees and hayricks were covered with snow, and the cattle, cowering in the sheds, seemed everywhere to beseech the sky in vain. As the sleigh with its merry bells, whirled down the long hill that leads to the Manyank turnpike, the horses suddenly shied, nearly precipitating the vehicle into an opposite snow bank. A lady slightly screamed and looked out in alarm from the furs which enveloped her; but seeing no cause for danger, she was about to order the driver to proceed, when her little boy, pointing to the object which had startled the horses, said—

"Mother, what can that be in the road? Surely it is a man's hat!"

The lady turned. In the centre of the highway was a pile of drifted snow a little longer than a human body. One end of the pile had been blown away, disclosing, as the boy said, a man's hat.

"Gracious heaven!" she exclaimed, "can it be that some poor wretch has frozen to death here. James," and she turned to a footman, "go and see."

With intense interest the lady watched while the servant brushed away the snow.—In a few seconds it was apparent that a corpse was indeed there, and it was not long before the cause of the man's death was evident in an empty jug beside him. The spectators breathlessly awaited while the icy flakes

were being removed from the face for the lady was within a short distance of her home and thought that, perhaps, she might recognize the being. She stepped out of the sleigh and approached the corpse.

"Col. Warren!" she said, becoming ghastly pale and staggering: "Col. Warren dying thus, a common drunkard! Oh! just heaven."

And thus the victim and his destroyer met for the last time. It was the once thoughtless bride who now stood above the corpse.

My Uncle, the Parson, OR THE EFFECTS OF PEPPER.

The Knickerbocker contains a capital story, by John Waters, of which the following is the conclusion:

At the dinner table our "parson" takes a bottle of cayenne pepper from his pocket, to season his meat with.

The two farmers were attentive to all his movements. The addition of the sauce, when there was such a full supply of gravy in the dish, seemed to them merely a superfluity; but the exploring genius of Ajax Talemou was excited by the pepper, a condiment that was altogether new to him, and perceiving that the effect was gratefully appetising, "pray sir," said he, "would you have the goodness to let me taste a little of that red salt?"

"With pleasure," replied the parson, "but I must assure you it is pepper, and not salt; pepper of the strongest force, which I received from a friend in the tropics, and which will assure you of its quality."

A bottle of cayenne pepper from his pocket, to season his meat with.

The two farmers were attentive to all his movements. The addition of the sauce, when there was such a full supply of gravy in the dish, seemed to them merely a superfluity; but the exploring genius of Ajax Talemou was excited by the pepper, a condiment that was altogether new to him, and perceiving that the effect was gratefully appetising, "pray sir," said he, "would you have the goodness to let me taste a little of that red salt?"

"With pleasure," replied the parson, "but I must assure you it is pepper, and not salt; pepper of the strongest force, which I received from a friend in the tropics, and which will assure you of its quality."

A bottle of cayenne pepper from his pocket, to season his meat with.

The two farmers were attentive to all his movements. The addition of the sauce, when there was such a full supply of gravy in the dish, seemed to them merely a superfluity; but the exploring genius of Ajax Talemou was excited by the pepper, a condiment that was altogether new to him, and perceiving that the effect was gratefully appetising, "pray sir," said he, "would you have the goodness to let me taste a little of that red salt?"

"With pleasure," replied the parson, "but I must assure you it is pepper, and not salt; pepper of the strongest force, which I received from a friend in the tropics, and which will assure you of its quality."

A bottle of cayenne pepper from his pocket, to season his meat with.

The two farmers were attentive to all his movements. The addition of the sauce, when there was such a full supply of gravy in the dish, seemed to them merely a superfluity; but the exploring genius of Ajax Talemou was excited by the pepper, a condiment that was altogether new to him, and perceiving that the effect was gratefully appetising, "pray sir," said he, "would you have the goodness to let me taste a little of that red salt?"

"With pleasure," replied the parson, "but I must assure you it is pepper, and not salt; pepper of the strongest force, which I received from a friend in the tropics, and which will assure you of its quality."

A bottle of cayenne pepper from his pocket, to season his meat with.

The two farmers were attentive to all his movements. The addition of the sauce, when there was such a full supply of gravy in the dish, seemed to them merely a superfluity; but the exploring genius of Ajax Talemou was excited by the pepper, a condiment that was altogether new to him, and perceiving that the effect was gratefully appetising, "pray sir," said he, "would you have the goodness to let me taste a little of that red salt?"

"With pleasure," replied the parson, "but I must assure you it is pepper, and not salt; pepper of the strongest force, which I received from a friend in the tropics, and which will assure you of its quality."

A bottle of cayenne pepper from his pocket, to season his meat with.

The two